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## Poetry.

### THE WORN OUT FONT OF TYPE.

I'm sitting by my dear George,  
Before me on the floor,  
There lies a worn out font of type,  
Full twenty thousand score,  
And many months have passed, George,  
Since they were bright and new,  
And many are the tales I've told—  
The false, the strange, the true.

Their beauty has all gone, George,  
You scarcely now may trace,  
Upon the snowy medium  
The likeness of their face;  
They mind me of a man, George,  
Whose more of life was full  
Of promise, but at evening's close  
Was desolate and dull.

What tales of horror they have told,  
Of tempest and of wreck,  
Of war in the midnight hour,  
Of war full many a wreck,  
Of ships that lost away at sea—  
Went down before the blast,  
Of sullen cries of agony  
As life's last moment passed!

Of earthquakes and of suicides,  
Of falling crops of cotton,  
Of bank failures, broken banks,  
Of banking systems rotten;  
Of bullies bawling, steamboats snagged,  
Of riots, duels fought,  
Of robbers with their prey escaped,  
Of thieves with booty caught.

Of food, and fire, and accident,  
Those worn out types have told;  
And how the pestilence has swept  
The youthful and the old;  
Of marriages, of births and deaths,  
Of things to please or vex us;  
Of one man's jumping overboard,  
Another gone to Texas.

They've told how long sweet summer days  
Have faded from our view;  
How autumn's chilling winds have swept  
The last crowned leaves through;  
How winter's reign hath come and gone—  
Dark reign of storm and strife—  
And how the smiling spring has warmed  
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half  
My life's friends have told,  
Since shining bright and beautiful,  
They issued from the mould,  
How into some they joy have brought,  
To others grief and tears,  
Yet faithfully they record kept  
Of fast receding years.

## Agriculture.

DO NOT SOW YOUR SEED TOO EARLY—  
The seedsman is too often blamed, without  
cause, with sowing old and worthless  
seeds. Seeds sown while the ground is  
wet and cold, will often rot in the ground;  
or perhaps a few warm days come, directly  
after sowing, the germ starts; then comes  
a hard frost, followed by a succession of  
cold, raw days, and the young germ is sure  
to be destroyed. The seedsman is blamed,  
but the fault was not in the seed. The  
true way is to plow your ground two or  
three times over, keeping it up light and  
dry, and in such a state that it will become  
warm and fitted for the seed, when vegeta-  
tion really commences. It is seldom that  
any seeds, such as carrot, parsnip, beet,  
&c., succeed well, if sowed before May,  
either in the Northern or Middle States.

THE MUCK BED.—There is a "plaster"  
too often unworked, which contains untold  
wealth to the farmer. It is a fact, that  
two loads of muck, which may be gener-  
ally had at the cost of draining, composted  
with one load of animal manure, furnish  
three loads of fertilizing material equal to  
barn-yard manure. Let not this means of  
increasing the product of the farm, remain  
unemployed. Add muck to the manure  
from the stables, spread it over yards, use  
it freely. If sufficiently dry, it forms a  
capital bedding material for stable animals,  
absorbing the liquid manures, and  
becoming thoroughly incorporated with the  
solid.

A HINT TO PLANTERS.—The Missis-  
sippi Chronicle thus speaks about the crops  
and prices in the future:—

"The planter who raises an abundance  
of corn this blessed year of 1857, will make  
money largely, all the agricultural world is  
perfectly wild upon the subject of cotton,  
and the largest crop ever known will be  
planted. If the season prove favorable, it  
will not astonish us if the next crop was  
greatly over four millions, perhaps four  
million five hundred thousand bales. The  
prices will fall, money will be tight, pro-  
visions will be scarce, and big corn cribs  
exceedingly valuable."

## Selected Tale.

### THE BLIND HARPIST.

Not such a very long time ago—but  
when there were no railways, when steam  
navigation was in its infancy, and the elec-  
tric telegraph not dreamed of—a journey  
to Cornwall was quite a formidable under-  
taking; while native inhabitants of that  
country regarded the more distant portion  
of the island population in the light of for-  
eigners. Fluctuations, however, were as  
rife then in mining concerns, as they are  
known to be in these adventurous days—  
fortunes were made, and fortunes were  
lost; and when the latter reverse befel Mr.  
Traher, a great mining speculator, attended  
with many distressing circumstances, he  
had not strength of mind to bear up against  
calamity, but speedily sank beneath the  
blow, leaving three orphan children totally  
destitute. Harry, the eldest, a youth just  
about to leave school, obtained, through  
the influence of friends, an appointment in  
a mercantile house in India, whither he at  
once repaired. His sisters were consid-  
ered particularly in luck's way, when a  
distant relation, respectfully settled in Lon-  
don, offered to receive the poor girls, and  
to retain one of them as nurse-governess  
in her own family, providing a similar  
situation for the other. It was a sad parting  
between the brother and sisters; for India  
seemed a vast deal farther off than it ap-  
pears, and faint were the hopes they enter-  
tained of meeting in this world. And,  
indeed, these three never did meet again;  
for Mary, the eldest of the two girls, in  
process of time, became the wife of a thriv-  
ing London merchant, and died while their  
only daughter was still a child. Ethel  
Traher, Harry's favorite sister, also became  
a wife; but her marriage displeased her  
relation, who pronounced her positive con-  
sistency, that so pretty a creature might  
have done better. Mary—or Mrs. Danvers,  
as she ought to be called—more than joined  
in the displeasure occasioned by Ethel's  
matrimonial choice; and not only cher-  
ished anger and unforgiveness in her own  
breast, but instilled the same feelings into  
the mind of her husband, and even taught  
her child to look down on "the Mordaunts."  
Letters from Henry were few  
and far between; but he was prospering;  
though fortune, in India, he said, were  
not made so quickly as they sometimes  
were in their own dear native Cornwall.

For some years, Mr. Mordaunt, Ethel's  
husband, who turned his talents to account  
by teaching drawing, contrived, by dint of  
unceasing industry, to support his delicate  
and ailing wife in comfort, if not in afflu-  
ence. Ethel also brought her husband one  
child, a fair daughter named after herself,  
whose sweet, affectionate disposition en-  
dured her to both parents' hearts, and  
made amends to her mother for the loss of  
a sister's countenance and love. With  
deep emotion, however, Mrs. Mordaunt  
read in the public prints the announcement  
of this unfortunates' sister's decease; she  
yearned to clasp the motherless girl, her  
niece and Ethel's cousin, to her bosom—  
But so decided had been the rebuffs of Mr.  
Danvers, that honest pride and self-respect  
would not permit one of the family to ap-  
proach the rich man's door. Miss Danvers  
reigned supreme there; the spoiled child  
of luxury and indulgence—proud, arrogant,  
and unfeeling, but strikingly handsome in  
person, and agreeable in manner. She did  
not even know how the Mordaunts were  
to be found—she made it a matter of con-  
science to cut all such disgraceful connec-  
tions, and the more particularly as they  
were residents of the same city.

Since the death of Mrs. Danvers, Harry  
had not written home. Long illness might  
account for this, press of business, or the  
inertness occasioned by the climate; or it  
might be that, no longer having his own  
sister to correspond with, absence caused  
forgetfulness and he did not care to see  
the handwriting of the new generation—  
Hence the name of uncle Harry was sel-  
dom mentioned, either by the dashing Miss  
Danvers, or by the quiet, pale girl, Ethel  
Mordaunt, whose young life was passed in  
tendering her now afflicted mother. Ere  
middle age had dimmed the lustre of her  
eyes, or changed a single dark hair to  
white, poor Mrs. Mordaunt lost the use of  
her limbs through paralysis, and Ethel saw  
the sunshine of this world through the haze  
of a sick room. Yet had they much to be  
thankful for; and a contented, happy family  
they were. They rented the upper part  
of a small house in a genteel street; and  
Mr. Mordaunt's pupils were principally in  
the vicinity, with the exception of some  
scholars in the suburbs. His emolument  
was certain and regular; and although he  
had frequently complained of a singular  
weakness in his eyes, attended by some  
pain, no serious apprehension of danger  
had disturbed the drawing master's serenity  
of mind. All his leisure time was de-  
voted to the improvement of Ethel's docile  
mind. She learned everything readily save  
drawing—that she could not manage; and  
her father, half in joke, half in earnest,  
shook his head, and called it a "deficiency  
of intellect;" and Ethel herself, the gentlest  
and most humble-minded of human beings,  
lamented this "deficiency," because it  
vexed her dear father. But, as if to make  
amends for the want she deplored, nature  
had gifted Ethel with a remarkably fine  
voice—thrilling, rich and melancholy. A  
harp, which was her poor mother's only  
relic of better days, stood in one corner of  
her sitting room; and not only had Ethel  
learned to accompany her voice on this old  
harp very respectably, but Mr. Mordaunt  
also was a performer; and what with his  
brilliant touch and Ethel's sweet warbling,  
these humble family concerts were quite  
delightful.

Mr. Mordaunt had never hitherto consented  
to receive pupils at his own home, not  
liking this infringement of domestic priv-  
acy; but on the urgent solicitation of a  
former pupil, who had been materially ben-  
efited by his instructions, Mr. Mordaunt

waved his objections, and gave a few les-  
sons, always in the evening, to a young man  
whose peculiar circumstances prevented the  
reception of a master in his father's  
dwelling. This was the second son of Mr.  
Rutherford, the senior partner of Mr. Dan-  
vers. Mr. Rutherford was not only a keen  
man of business, but was so miserably in his  
habits and pursuits, that although he had  
but two motherless sons, and had already  
amassed an immense fortune, he grudged  
them all participation in the pleasures and  
luxuries of life, and kept them chained to  
the desk from morning till night. This  
kind of plodding existence suited well with  
the disposition and habits of the elder brother,  
who resembled his father in all respects;  
but Herbert, the younger brother, was of a  
higher character, and although a dutiful  
son, and tolerably steady and industrious,  
he felt bitterly the want of a happy home.

At the house of Mr. Danvers, their fathers  
partner, both young men always found a  
cordial welcome; indeed, it was the first  
wish of Mr. Danvers's heart to see his only  
daughter, united to John Rutherford, whose  
talents for business and money making,  
rendered him so very desirable as a  
partner for life. John had no objection to  
the young lady; she was much the same  
to him as young ladies in general; and he  
thought it would be a good plan thus to cement  
the union of the firm of Rutherford,  
Danvers & Co.

Laura Danvers, however, had a strong  
will of her own; and although she would  
have willingly changed her name to Ruth-  
ford, it was not so "Mrs. John," but as Mrs.  
"Herbert." But although Herbert Ruth-  
ford bestowed the whole meed of admiration  
on the beautiful Laura, as gallantry  
demanded, his heart continued untouched,  
and his fancy unattracted. There was a  
vein of deep feeling and romance in Her-  
bert's nature, concealed beneath a reserved  
exterior, which required to be aroused by  
a far different nature than that of Laura  
Danvers. Since he had left school, his  
talents for drawing had been uncultivated;  
but on seeing the progress made by his  
friend, under Mr. Mordaunt's auspices, the  
slumbering talent revived, and Herbert suc-  
ceeded in persuading Mr. Mordaunt to grant  
him a small portion of time, snatched from  
the hours of domestic leisure. Mr. Ruth-  
ford, sympathizing in no intellectual cul-  
ture or accomplishment, would have scouted  
the idea of a drawing master for the "grown-  
up Master Herbert," and certainly would  
have grudged the cost of lessons. Hence  
the permission given to Herbert by Mr.  
Mordaunt, of a weekly visit to his private  
retreat, where the presence of the wife and  
daughter was no hindrance to study, their  
silence, while Ety pursued her occupation  
of needle work, remaining on these occa-  
sions unbroken. After the first slight in-  
troduction, Herbert instinctively felt that  
was approach to a more familiar footing  
would be permitted by Mr. Mordaunt, and  
the ladies; his presence was a check to  
social intercourse; Ety demurely com-  
pelled herself to fulfill an appointed task,  
like a girl in school hours; and Mrs. Mor-  
daunt was absorbed with a book. Never-  
theless Ety soon ascertained that the young  
stranger was good looking, and had  
a very agreeable voice when addressing her  
father; nay, she learned the color of his  
eyes, and thought them the most penetrat-  
ing and expressive dark eyes in the world.  
Herbert, also, though biased from the mo-  
ment of his entrance with the single pur-  
pose for which he was there, yet found op-  
portunity to remark the graceful outline of  
the tall slight form, ever bending over  
needle work; and to detect the fact that  
Ethel's eyes were of the softest, loveliest vi-  
olet color, shaded by silken fringes; and  
that in Ethel's long golden ringlets a kind  
of sunshine seemed to linger, though little  
of sunshine ever penetrated the close at-  
mosphere she inhaled. Herbert being a  
quick observer, remarked also the old harp  
in the corner, and the flowers tastefully  
disposed in baskets; he saw, too, how  
often Mrs. Mordaunt's glance was earnestly  
and ardently fixed on her daughter, when  
she seemed to be engaged with the page  
open before her.

These drawing lessons had continued  
without interruption for some weeks, and  
Herbert frequently looked in at Mr. Dan-  
vers, but without mentioning the progress  
he was making in art—and of course the  
name of Mordaunt was never mentioned  
there—when the drawing master's in-  
creased weakness of sight obliged him to  
give up several of his pupils, Herbert was  
among the number. Vainly the young man  
strove to find some pretext for continuing  
his visits at more distant intervals; all his  
friendly overtures were received so coldly  
by Mr. Mordaunt, who was a proud man,  
in his way, that Herbert dared not persist,  
fearing to wound the feelings he so much  
respected. He thought of the sick mother  
and sweet Ety, both dependent on one  
whose affliction might eventually incapacitate  
him from working to support these  
dear and feeble beings. But Herbert was  
a stranger, and Mr. Mordaunt was not a  
man to encourage or foster the sympathy  
of whose outward expression only he felt  
sure.

It seemed, indeed, as if fate was adverse  
to Herbert's wish to be on more friendly  
terms with his former master; for an in-  
terval of time had elapsed, which to the  
young man appeared considerable, on call-  
ing at the door to inquire after the health  
of the family, he found that they had re-  
moved, and no one could afford him the  
slightest clue to their whereabouts.

"I'm altered," said the fat landlady,  
"that the poor gem'l'man will get him into  
great distress, though he owed me nothing,  
and always paid me as regular as clock-  
work. But he was too honest to stay  
where he couldn't see his way clear, poor  
gem'l'man; and I don't know think he will  
see his way clear for long, anyhow; for his  
eyes failed him utterly afore he went; and  
that failure of his blessed eyes was the  
cause of his leaving these elegant apart-  
ments, because he was obliged to give up  
his pupils. And I don't know what they  
will do, that I don't; for Miss Mordaunt  
was helpless, and Miss Ety just like one

of the lilies she was so fond of nursing—  
easily broke down, I should say, by an  
angry word. However, I'm very sorry  
for them; but we've all troubles of our  
own, and I've my share, I assure you, sir;  
and you look as if you hadn't been without  
your own share, too, sir; though you  
haven't seen so many years, by half, as I  
have."

Herbert sighed as he turned away from  
the quiet street, after making several fruit-  
less inquiries concerning the objects of his  
interest. Sight failed him pupils given  
up! what would become of them? Where  
had the poor family gone to hide their dis-  
tress from the gaze of the world? That  
sweet, gentle, loving young girl—that pale,  
sinking mother—the silent, uncomplaining  
father and husband, whose every glance  
towards these dependent creatures bespoke  
deep affection and tenderness? Oh, it  
was deplorable; and Herbert determined  
to persevere in his search, and to assist  
them as far as he was able, for Mr. Mor-  
daunt must permit him to be a friend now.

But the former pupils, of whom Herbert  
knew sufficient to hazard inquiries, could  
give him no intelligence of Mr. Mordaunt's  
movements; they only knew his loss of  
sight had deprived them of an able master;  
and they conceived themselves no more in  
the master, except by saying that it was a  
heavy calamity to befall so good and industri-  
ous a man.

For many months Herbert Rutherford  
had visited at the house of Mr. Danvers  
more rarely than that of yore; Miss Dan-  
vers smilingly upbraiding him for his ab-  
sence, but welcoming him charmingly  
when he came. Her father had heard from  
Uncle Harry, who had returned to England  
with an enormous fortune, and who was  
coming to visit them, after the chagrin and  
disappointment he had experienced in  
Cornwall, from finding his relations dis-  
persed or dead.

"I understood, or imagined," said Her-  
bert, "that you were Mr. Traher's only  
living relative, Miss Danvers?"  
Miss Danvers blushed scarlet at this  
simple remark, so innocently made by the  
speaker, and replied in some confusion,  
"Oh, I believe we have relations who came  
from Cornwall; but I suppose they are  
dead or abroad, as we know nothing of  
them. But I've always heard Uncle Harry  
was a true Cornishman in his local attach-  
ment; but I hope we may succeed in  
reconciling him to remain amongst us, poor  
lovely old man!"

"Poor lovely old man!" thought Her-  
bert, with a suppressed smile; "rich lovely  
old man, or he would not be welcome  
here!"  
John Rutherford's attentions to the  
beautiful Miss Danvers had become more  
marked and assiduous since Uncle Har-  
ry's arrival in his native land. Miss Dan-  
vers was the nabob's nearest, nay, prob-  
ably, his only living known relative, and it  
was high time to secure the hand of his  
niece. But John was prudent, and liked  
to feel his way, until the time seemed ripe  
for the experiment; so he contented him-  
self by paying his devoirs attentively to  
the lady of his love, and by redoubled energy  
and perseverance in business, to win the  
favor and approval of Mr. Danvers. Her-  
bert, on the contrary, had been absent and  
indolent of late—careless about ledgers,  
and incorrect in calculations of importance.  
The image of the young sweet girl and her  
suffering mother absolutely haunted him;  
what would have become of them when the  
bread-winner was struck down? Ety's  
pensive loneliness had made, indeed, a deep  
and lasting impression on the young man's  
fancy; and those evenings devoted to the  
drawing lessons—although no words were  
spoken between them—were recalled as the  
most cherished memories of his life.

Uncle Harry was received by Mr. Dan-  
vers and Laura with the impressment due  
to a bachelor Indian relative with bags of  
rupees at his disposal; but Uncle Harry  
was filigree and ill at ease, and almost his  
first question was about poor Ethel. He  
had been to their native place in the hope  
of finding her; and he could scarcely be-  
lieve it possible that Mr. Danvers and Lau-  
ra knew not where she was. They spoke  
of disgrace and vexation, and hinted their  
certainty that Mrs. Mordaunt must be  
dead; or no doubt, if otherwise, they would  
have been applied to long ago. Poor rela-  
tives who had behaved so shamefully af-  
fairs found out rich ones, and never ceased  
pestering them with letters.

"I think you may rest satisfied, uncle  
Harry," said Miss Danvers, "that my late  
mother's sister is no more; for, depend  
upon it, if she had left children, or had her  
husband lived (for of course they were poor),  
we should have heard from them quickly  
enough."

But Uncle Harry did not rest satisfied  
even with this nice explanation given by  
his beautiful niece; and, moreover, the  
sallow but healthy nabob quickly informed  
Mr. Danvers that it would be as well to  
insert an advertisement in a leading paper,  
in order to discover poor Ethel, either dead  
or alive. It was monstrous, suggested  
Mr. Danvers, absolutely monstrous to  
make the thing so public; but remon-  
strance was vain, for Uncle Harry was ob-  
stinate, and might not be offended with  
impunity; so the utmost Mr. Danvers and  
Laura could effect, was to persuade him to  
wait for a few days, when meantime,  
private inquiries should be set on foot.

Mr. Traher was in a hurry to return to  
Cornwall; he had determined on purchas-  
ing an estate there, and settling down for  
the remainder of his days. He detested  
London, and seemed quite pro-d against all  
the blandishments lavished on him by the  
beautiful Laura. He did not say how un-  
natural he thought them all, for deserting  
poor Ethel, but he looked and acted it;  
and Miss Danvers could scarcely conceal  
her spite and indignation—her only hope  
being in the belief that Mrs. Mordaunt had  
really passed away from the earth. But  
worse than all, this tiresome, fidgety Uncle  
Harry had spoken of the poor Mrs. Mor-  
daunt before Herbert; and Herbert had  
started and blushed and seemed so con-  
fused and interested in the subject, that

Miss Danvers attributed the start to sur-  
prise—for she well remember having led  
Herbert to suppose so very near relations  
existed to share Mr. Traher's affection or  
money. Yet Mr. Danvers well knew that  
Herbert Rutherford was no mercenary,  
and cared little for wealth or its allur-  
ments; and she was puzzled as to what  
the strong interest was attributable which  
Herbert displayed concerning these "odious  
people." Mr. Traher seemed more pleased  
with the young man than with any one  
or anything in Mr. Danvers's house; and the  
avowal which Herbert made to him, as  
they were walking out together, of his own  
acquaintance with the Mordaunts more  
closely cemented the bond of union  
between them. Herbert dwelt on Mr.  
Mordaunt's excellent qualities and indus-  
try; he spoke of Mrs. Mordaunt; and the  
tears stood in Uncle Harry's eyes as he  
murmured: "Poor Ethel, poor thing!"  
But when Herbert attempted to describe  
the fair girl, who had been as a bright  
angel in that humble room, then the youth  
broke down in confusion; and Mr. Traher,  
with a long piercing look at his companion  
exclaimed: "Humph! However, both  
gentlemen agreed that no time ought to be  
lost, and that other means failing, the  
advertisement should be inserted forthwith;  
for they must be in destitution," sighed  
Herbert, "for I knew they depended entire-  
ly on Mr. Mordaunt's exertions for sup-  
port. God grant we may soon find them!"

On the evening of that very day the  
family party—namely, Mr. Danvers Laura,  
Uncle Harry and John Rutherford, who had  
joined them at dinner—were assembled in  
the drawing-room, at Mr. Danvers's, and  
it being early summer and warm weather,  
the blenny windows were open, while the  
numerous sweet-scented flowers outside  
shaded the interior from observation.

The room was brilliantly lit with wax  
tapers, and the soft moonlight streamed  
down on the flowering shrubs and exotics,  
and on the broad airy street which led  
into a magnificent square. John Ruth-  
ford was just asking Miss Danvers to re-  
turn to some music, which John  
sighed no more for than he did for Pindaric  
odes, when from the street beneath arose a  
strain of song, preluded by a few simple  
chords on the harp, which arrested the at-  
tention of Uncle Harry he exclaimed:—  
"Hush! what a thrilling voice!" and with  
finger upraised and quest steps, he crept  
towards the balcony, from whence how-  
ever, he could not obtain a view of the  
performer, an account of the lovely scene  
which intervened. Miss Danvers followed  
him, and she also stood entranced, for the  
wondering minstrel was of no common  
order—that was clear from the masterly  
harp accompaniment, and the simple  
pathos, clear and brilliant, of the young  
voice which rose on the evening air, and  
entered that luxurious apartment waited  
with the odors of the flowers. The song  
ended, Uncle Harry took out his purse to  
reward the minstrel, when John Ruth-  
ford remarked that "these kind of people  
must realize a vast deal of money in the  
streets; and for his part, he thought, it  
was giving encouragement to vagrants to  
give them anything." Or to give anybody  
anything," gruffly muttered Uncle Harry  
crushing in among the flower-stems, in  
the vain hope of reaching the balustrade,  
and throwing a handful of silver to the poor  
wanderers below. But ere he could manage  
to do this, another harp prelude, of a wild  
and mournful character, hushed them into  
silence; and as the voice again  
swelled into the full bust of song Uncle  
Harry turned pale and trembled; and so  
uncontrollably agitated did he become as  
the song proceeded that Mr. Danvers, leav-  
ing he was ill, asked what was the matter  
in a tone of great alarm.

"Hush!" said Mr. Traher—"hush!" and  
so peremptorily was the word repeated  
that Mr. Danvers retreated, looking some-  
what flustered. His visitor, however, was  
far too engrossed to remark this; and  
when the voice ceased, and the harp  
music died away, Uncle Harry exclaimed in  
a voice choked by emotion:—

"I haven't heard that song since I was  
a boy. It is a Cornish ballad, which poor  
Ethel used to sing; and I must go down  
and give these people something for the  
pains they have afforded. But  
hark!—they begin again." And after a  
brief space, Uncle Harry cried, in a state  
of utmost excitement; "This is strange!  
—another old air which I'm sure only  
Cornishers can know. It was our mother's  
favorite. I must see who these poor folks  
are."

Miss Danvers followed the impatient  
nabob down stairs, and placing her hand  
on his arm, said: "You must not go out  
dear uncle; you may take cold in the  
evening air. We will have the harp and  
singer in the hall; and turning to a do-  
mestic, she gave the order.

The gorgeously liveried servant soon re-  
turned, followed by two persons—one a  
man bearing an old harp, who was led by  
his companion, a female, whose face was  
not distinguishable from the slouched bon-  
net which overshadowed it. The man was  
blind, middle-aged, but prematurely care-  
worn, and with silvered hair; yet there  
was a resignation and touching benevolence  
in his countenance, and a demeanor which  
so plainly bespoke the gentleman, despite  
his shabby attire, that Uncle Harry felt  
quite abashed in addressing him, and  
turned to the muffled female in an apolo-  
getical manner when he tendered the sil-  
ver coins. But Miss Danvers had no such  
delicacy; and she addressed the singer,  
saying:—"This gentleman wishes to hear  
the songs repeated—the last two. They  
are Cornish melodies, he thinks; and he  
wishes to know where you learned them."

There was a silence, which was broken  
by the harpist whispering to his companion:  
"You may tell where you learned them,  
my dear."

The timid form beside the blind man  
seemed to shrink nearer to his side, as she  
said in a low, almost inaudible voice:  
"They are Cornish airs, ma'am, and I  
learned them from my mother."

asked Mr. Traher, as he vainly essayed to  
gain a peep of the face hidden beneath the  
slouched bonnet.

"Yes, sir," murmured the sweet voice  
again; and again there was silence.  
"I'm a native of Cornwall myself," at  
last blurted out Uncle Harry; and one of  
those songs you sang so sweetly was a  
favorite of my mother's; and it's an odd  
coincidence. Be so kind as to sing again."  
The voice and the harp were more en-  
chanting in the hall than in the open air,  
and Mr. Traher almost sobbed with emo-  
tion as he listened.

"Thank you, thank you, my good  
friends!" he exclaimed, pressing to the  
blind man's side, and placing in his hand a  
glittering coin; you must come here again  
before I go, for this is a treat indeed. I  
haven't heard that song for so many years.  
Poor Ethel!" he sighed, half speaking to  
himself; but the words had reached the  
ears of strangers, and they caused the  
blind man to move involuntarily a step or  
two, as if listening to hear more. But  
Mr. Traher was far away with the memo-  
ries of the past; and the harpist, fearing  
to intrude, made a low bow, and uttered  
thanks—thanks so impressive and so un-  
like a common minstrel, that Miss Dan-  
vers felt convinced he was not what he  
appeared.

"Come Ethel my love!" said the blind  
man, as he took the female's hand, advanc-  
ing to the hall door, the liveried lackey  
condescending to carry out the old harp.

"Ethel!" cried Uncle Harry placing him-  
self before the retreating pair—"are you  
Ethel too? And pray, what's your other  
name, and are you this worthy blind gen-  
tleman's wife or daughter?"

The female was silent, and evidently  
alarmed by this abrupt address, keeping  
tight hold of her companion's hand.

Again the blind man spoke: "This is  
my dear and only child," he said; "and I  
do not know why we should be ashamed  
of mentioning our names to one who has  
so humbly rewarded our humble efforts;  
My name, sir, is Mordaunt, and my daugh-  
ter is called Ethel, after her dear mother."

"O merciful Providence!" cried Mr.  
Traher; "and is her mother living?"

"Yes, sir," rather coldly replied the har-  
pist, still retreating towards the door, and  
not understanding this unusual interest  
shown by a stranger.  
"Poor Ethel!" sobbed Uncle Harry, now  
quite unmanned, and without ceremony,  
clapping the astonished harpist's hand, and  
arresting his progress. "Did you never  
hear her speak of Harry—her brother Harry?"  
"I'm he, Mordaunt!" and I was going  
to advertise for you to-morrow; and he pulled  
away the slouched bonnet, and a shower of  
golden ringlets fell down the pale girl's  
shoulders; and Uncle Harry clasped her  
in his arms, crying, "Tis poor Ethel her-  
self; why is she not here?"

"Alas!" said Mr. Mordaunt. "Alas!"  
she is alive to us, but dead to the world."  
And then, in a few words, drawing the  
blind man aside, Mr. Traher heard the im-  
mortal tale of distress unfolded.  
Miss Danvers had vanished; she would  
not stay to witness so terrible a denounce-  
ment before the servants. A wandering  
ballad singer her cousin! Oh, it was  
distressing—it was not to be endured.  
Uncle Harry found presently that it was  
time for him to think of a home elsewhere;  
and all his arrangements were zealously  
aided by Herbert Rutherford. So bidding  
farewell to Mr. Danvers and Laura, he soon  
returned to his beloved native country, ac-  
companied by the poor Mordaunts; nor  
was the old harp left behind. Their  
troubles were over—so they declared, with  
deeply grateful hearts. It was true, one  
was stricken with paralysis, and one was  
blind, but what of that? Even in their  
most desolation, God had heard their  
prayers, nor left them to perish.

Mr. Traher, casually mentioned to old  
Rutherford his intention to give his Ety a  
handsome portion, provided she married to  
please him; and when Herbert signified  
his desire to run down into Cornwall to  
visit Mr. Traher, who had given him a  
hearty invitation, Mr. Rutherford senior of-  
fered no objection to the plan. It was some  
time ere Ety could be induced to leave  
her parent, even to Uncle Harry's tender  
care; but on Herbert's promise of a long  
sejour with them, he at length succeeded  
in carrying off his fair bride. The young  
couple resided near the metropolis; but  
Mrs. John Rutherford never would con-  
sent to call on Mrs. "Herbert Rutherford,"  
nor to own the relationship between them;  
for soon after Herbert's marriage with  
Ethel Mordaunt, Miss Danvers became  
the wife of John, her constant avain.—  
But as this alienation did not disturb the  
even tenor of the flourishing business system  
pursued by Rutherford, Danvers & Co., nor  
ruin the equanimity of Herbert and Ety,  
no one thought it worth their while to re-  
monstrate with the proud and silly dame.

Uncle Harry and the blind man lived  
unhappily together, long after poor Ethel  
had gone peacefully down to the grave.—  
The old harp is preserved as a precious  
relic by Herbert's children; and he always  
declares the most fortunate day of his  
life to be that on which he commenced  
the morning drawing lessons.

THE GLORY AND DISGRACE OF A CITY.  
In Philadelphia, recently, a shawl was pur-  
chased by a wealthy lady for one thousand  
four hundred and twenty-five dollars. In  
the same city poor women starve at making  
shirts for six cents a piece.

The ladies have made their appearance  
in the "Spring fashions," which are un-  
usually gay and brilliant. Variegated silks  
appear to be in the ascendant.

The quantity of land granted recently  
by Congress for railroad purposes in the  
Territory of Minnesota, is estimated to  
be 4,116,000 acres.

## Historical.

### MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1683.

journed to Boston, where they made up  
judgement for Connecticut. Rhode Island  
knew that the members of the court were  
among the enemies of her institutions, and  
policy, and concluded that they only meant  
to make a show of a trial and then give  
judgement against them. She relied more  
on her own means of retaining the country  
under her own authority, from the known  
preference of its local inhabitants, and also  
from the favor of her monarch, on which  
she often relied, and had ever been treated  
by him with parental kindness.

The court were evidently prejudiced  
against R. Island, as appears by the clos-  
ing paragraph of their report to the King;  
as they there travel entirely out of the  
path of justice, and the merits of the case,  
into speculation as to what they supposed  
would be the consequences of placing the  
Narragansett country under so "loose and  
weak a government."

### BIOGRAPHY OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

He was born in Wales of respectable pa-  
rents A. D. 1598, was educated at Oxford,  
was admitted to orders in the church of Eng-  
land, and officiated for some time as a min-  
ister of that church; but becoming a puri-  
titan, he rendered himself obnoxious to the  
laws in England and embarked for Amer-  
ica. He with his wife, whose name was  
Mary, arrived on the fifth of February,  
1631, and on the April following, he was  
called by the church of Salem to be an el-  
der under Mr. Skelton their pastor. Find-  
ing his situation had excited the jealousy  
of the local government in the colony, he  
soon after removed to Plymouth, where he  
was engaged as an assistant to Mr. Smith,  
pastor of the Plymouth church, in which  
place he remained until his dissonances up-  
on religious toleration offended many of  
his hearers, when he returned again to Sa-  
lem and was settled there after Mr. Skel-  
ton's death in 1634. While there, as well  
as in Plymouth, he maintained the charac-  
ter of a Godly and zealous preacher. From  
his first coming to Massachusetts 'he ap-  
pears to have been











